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CRY**

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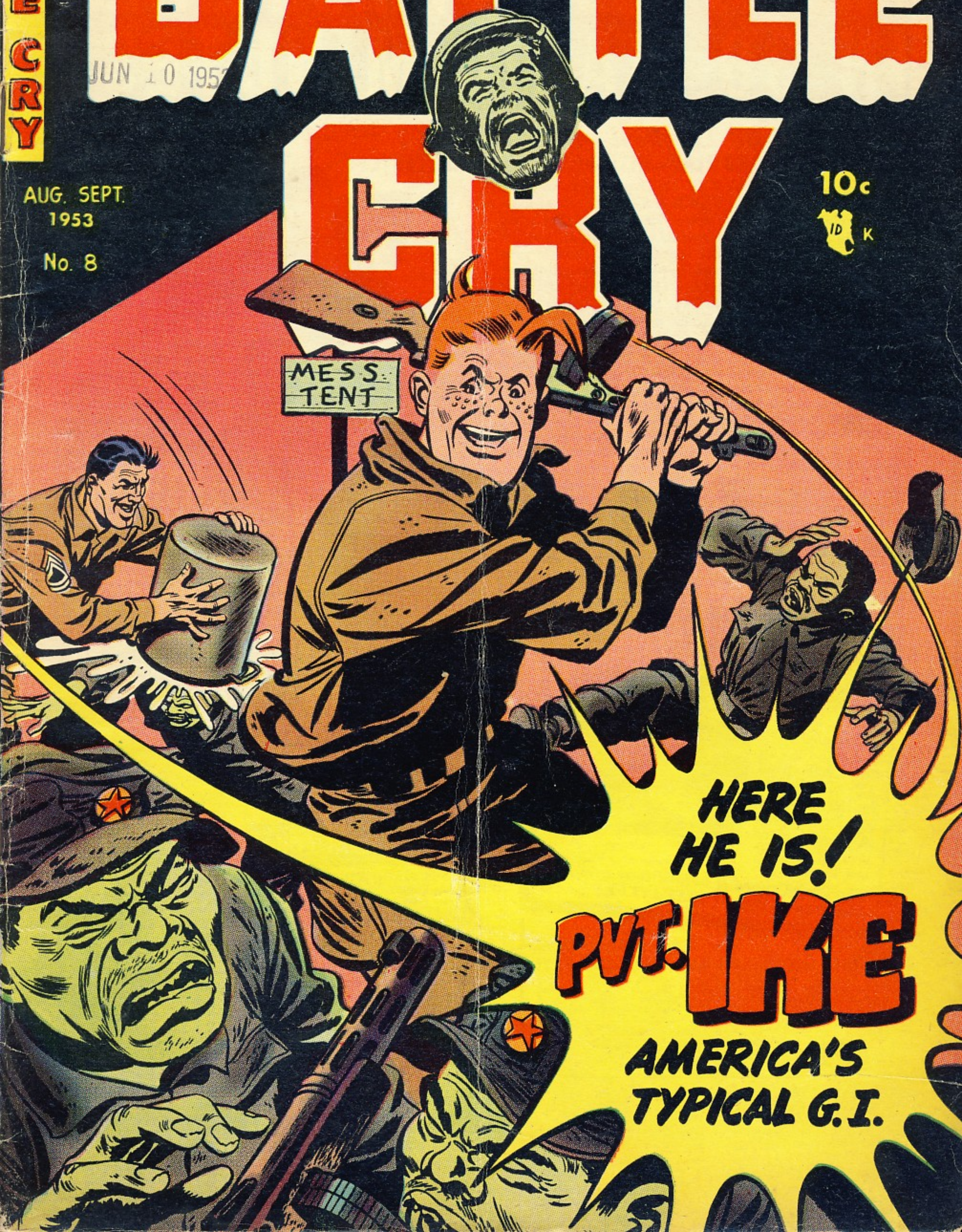
BATTLE CRY

JUN 10 1953

AUG. SEPT.
1953

No. 8

10c



MESS
TENT

**HERE
HE IS!**

PVT. IKE

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TYPICAL G.I.**



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PVT. IKE ^{IN} "A DATE ^{WITH} FIFI"

WHEN PVT. IKE AND SGT. MAGOON TANGLE OVER A BEAUTIFUL EYEFUL - THEY STIR UP A TUB-FULL OF TROUBLE THAT WOULD MAKE THE THREE WITCHES IN MACBETH TURN GREEN WITH ENVY!

WOW! HEY IKE - WILL YA LOOK AT WOT JUST GOT OFF THAT TRUCK! IT MUST BE FIFI LA MARE!

OO-LA-LA! SO LONG, MAGOON! HERE'S WHERE I TAKE FRENCH LEAVE!

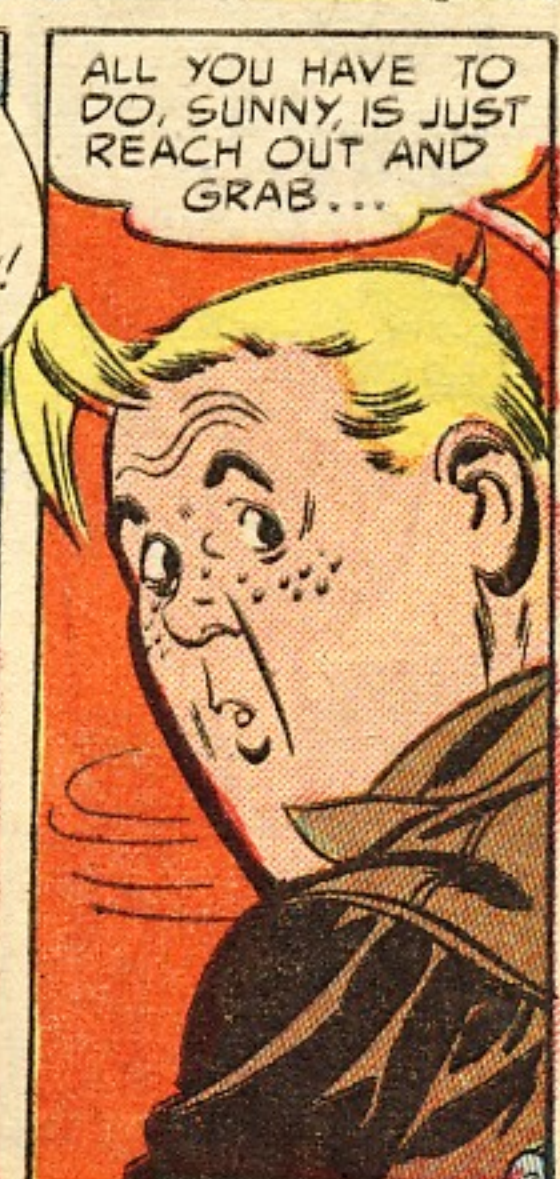
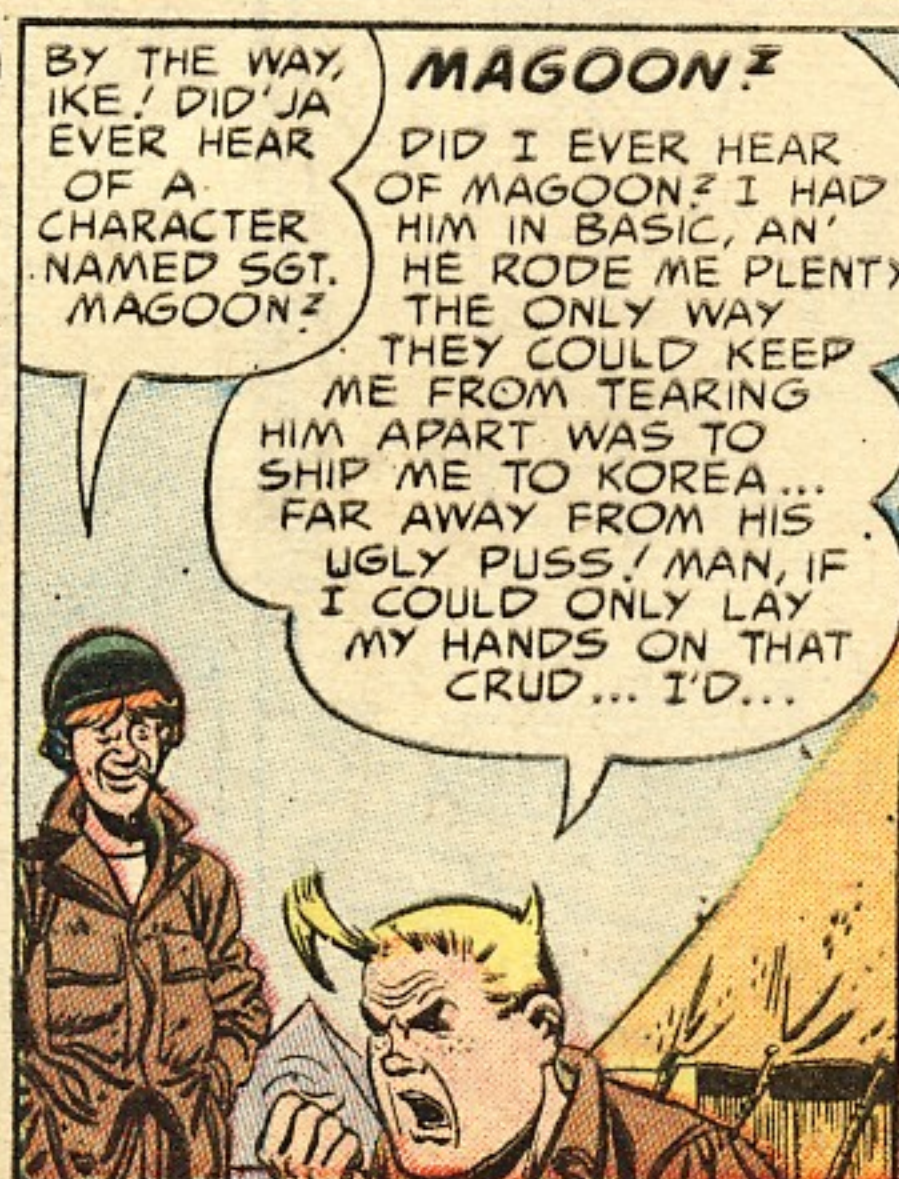


©OPS! HOLD IT, FELLAS! WE'RE MOVING A LITTLE AHEAD OF OUR STORY, SO LET'S GO BACK A FEW DAYS TO TOP OF AN AMERICAN HELD RIDGE IN KOREA WHERE PVT. IKE AND HIS BUDDIES FROM DOG COMPANY ARE DESPERATELY TRYING TO STEM THE RED TIDE WHICH IS ABOUT TO OVERFLOW THEIR POSITION!

HOLY CROCKEYE, IKE! ARE YOU TRYIN' TO WIN THE WAR ALL BY YERSELF?

NO CRUMMY RED IS GONNA PASS BY ME!





MAGOON!

HOW TH... WHO
TH... WHY TH...
WHAT TH...

RELAX, MEATHEAD! I'M
REPLACING SGT. MORSE
AS PLATOON SGT.! NOW
WE TWO CAN BE AS CLOSE
AS CARTRIDGES IN A CLIP!

I TRIED
TA TELL
YA, IKE...

GET LOST, NOONAN! AS FER YOU, BIRDBRAIN!
MY FIRST OFFICAL ACT IS TO PUT YOU IN
A PLACE WHERE YER TALENTS WILL REALLY
BE APPRECIATED... **IN THE KITCHEN!**
AN' MAYBE NEXT
TIME YOU WON'T
MAKE ANY NASTY
REMARKS ABOUT
YER SERGEANT!

SEE HERE, MAGOON!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT
TO ME!

LATER...

NUTS! HOW
CAN A GUY
BE HAPPY
PEELIN'
ONIONS?

AW WHAT'RE YOU
BLUBBERIN' 'BOUT?
YER LUCKY I
HAVEN'T GOT YOU
DIGGIN' DITCHES!

HAVE A HEART, SARGE!
GET ME OFF KITCHEN
DETAIL... I'VE
GOT A DATE
WITH FIFI
LA MARE
TONIGHT!

NOW AIN'T THAT
TOUGH! I HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN THAT RED
HEAD YA STOLE FROM ME IN
PADUCAH! AN THAT BLIND DATE
YOU STUCK ME WITH IN AMARRILO!
EVEN WHEN I PUT ON DARK
GLASSES, SHE STILL LOOKED
LIKE THE NINTH PRIZE AT A
CATTLE SHOW!

I WOULDN'T SAY
THAT, SARGE! COME
TO THINK OF IT, YOU
BOTH MADE A
CHARMING COUPLE..
NICE AND UGLY!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF YOUR GUFF!
ONE MORE CRACK
OUTTA YOU, AN'
I'LL KNOCK YOU
INTO NORTH
KOREA!

YEAH?
YOU AN'
WHAT
ARMY...

ME, MYSELF AND
I...YI...YI...YI... GET
A LOAD OF WHAT'S
UNLOADIN' FROM
THAT TRUCK!

HUH? WOWEE!
**THAT MUST
BE FIFI!**



A WHOLE TRUCK-LOAD OF COMMIES! I GET IT!
A TROJAN HORSE — WITH YOU AS THE BAIT
SO THESE APES COULD INFILTRATE
BEHIND OUR LINES!

BUT, I —



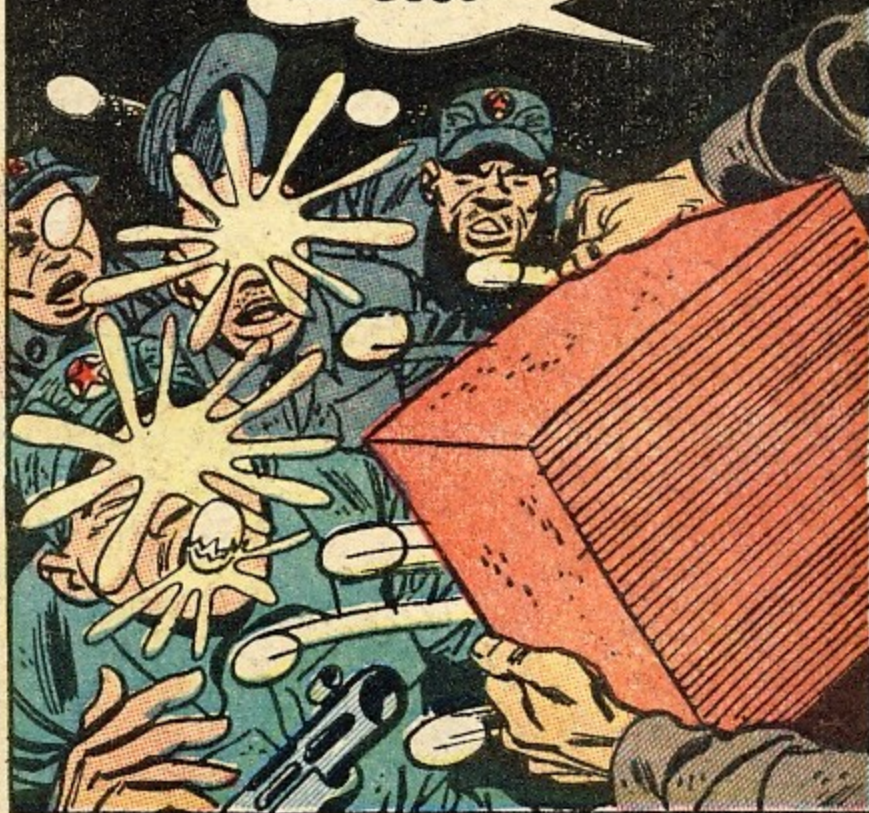
SAVE IT, SISTER! I FELL FOR YOU ONCE,
NOW IT'S YOUR TIME TO FALL! THERE!
TAKE BACK YOUR DOUBLE-
DEALIN' DOLL!



YOU GUYS CAME TO THE KITCHEN SO
YOU MUST BE HUNGRY! HAVE SOME
HAM!



AND EGGS —



AN' HERE'S A PAN
TO FRY 'EM IN!

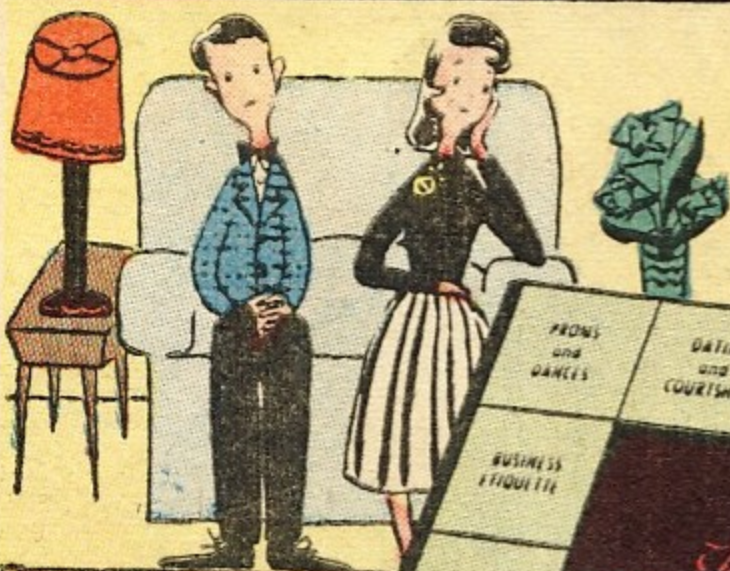


WOO-HOO-HOO-
HOOPS!





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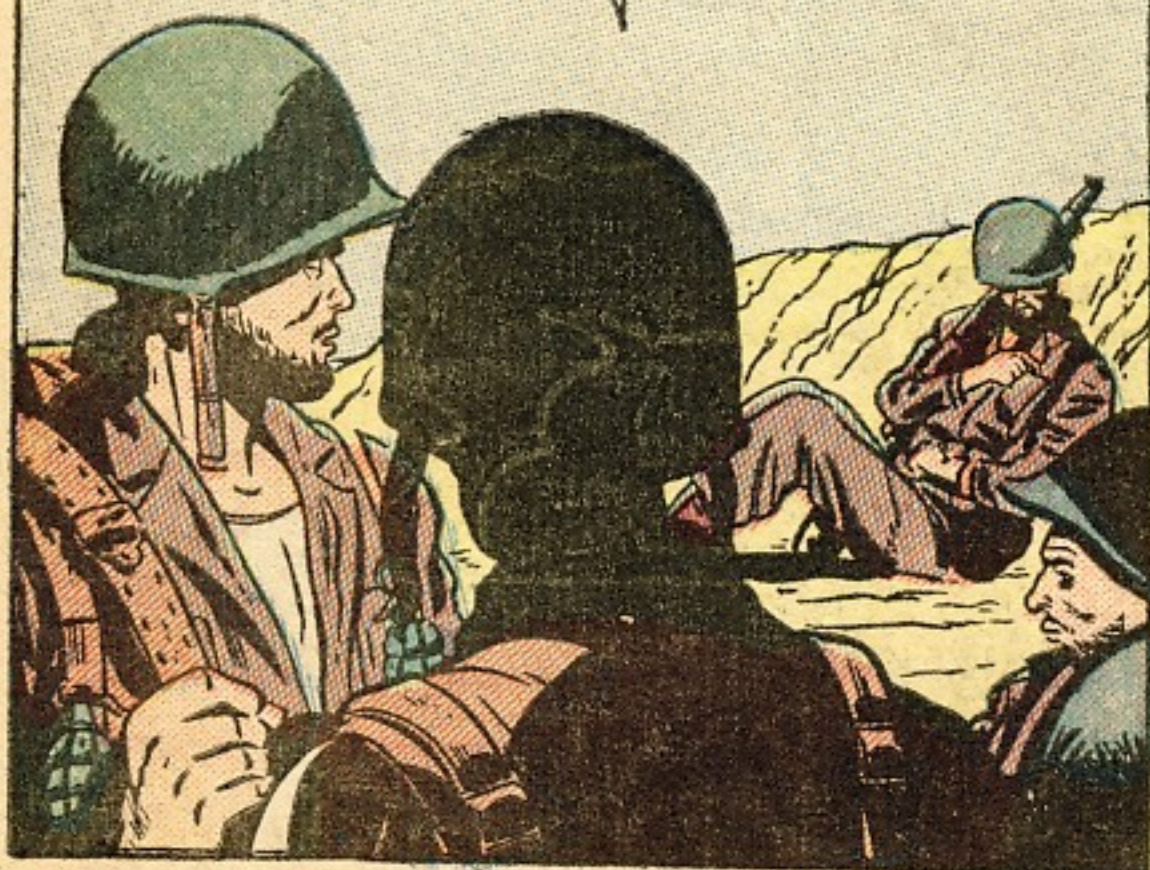
YOU MEET ONE WHEREVER THERE ARE AMERICAN TROOPS-THE G.I. WHO GRIPE AND ARGUES ABOUT EVERYTHING...WHOSE SOLE DESIRE IS TO GET HIS DISCHARGE AND GO HOME. SUCH WAS JOE COLLINS WHO AFTER 14 MONTHS OF CONTINUOUS FIGHTING WAS KNOWN AS THE...

VETERAN!



WHAT'S EATIN' VET, MAC?

DUNNO. BEEN DOWN IN THE DUMPS ALL DAY!



THE BRASS CALLED HIM DOWN TO THE COMMAND POST THIS MORNIN' AND HE HASN'T SPOKEN A WORD SINCE!

THEY PROBABLY GAVE HIM A FEW MORE MONTHS IN THIS RAT TRAP!





ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS,
WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!
LET'S GO! THERE'S
A WAR ON!

ALL RIGHT, VET, WE KNOW YA BEEN HERE
A LONG TIME -- BUT THERE'S NO USE
MOPIN'... YOUR DAY WILL COME
SOON! YOU'LL SEE!



CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR GRIPING!
POOR GUY'S BEEN IN THIS HELL
HOLE FOR 14 MONTHS! TIME
THEY SENT HIM STATE SIDE
BEFORE HE CRACKS UP!



WHILE MOVING UP TO THE LINES, THE REDS
STARTED THE MAIL COMING IN WITH A
HEAVY BARRAGE...



DIG IN, YOU GUYS, AND TAKE
COVER! WE GOTTA FIND OUT
WHERE THE GOOKS ARE
SENDIN' THIS FROM!



SGT. PYLE, STUNNED BY THE SURPRISE ATTACK, CALLED HEAD-QUARTERS TO RELAY THE INFORMATION AND RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS FOR HIS COMPANY!

WHAT GIVES, CAPTAIN? WE RAN INTO SOME INCOMING MAIL! THAT WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT!

PYLE, YOU BETTER SEND OUT A PATROL AND GET THE DATA ON THEIR LOCATION AND SIZE!



C'MON, VET, UP AND AT 'EM! WE'RE GOING ON A LITTLE PATROL!



SEE WHAT HAPPENS, KID, THE MORE TIME YOU HAVE ON THE LINES, THE MORE YOU GET TO FIGHT! IT'S NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO!



THEY'VE SPOTTED US! HIT THE DIRT AND TAKE COVER!



HEY, BOY... THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO TAKE A NAP!

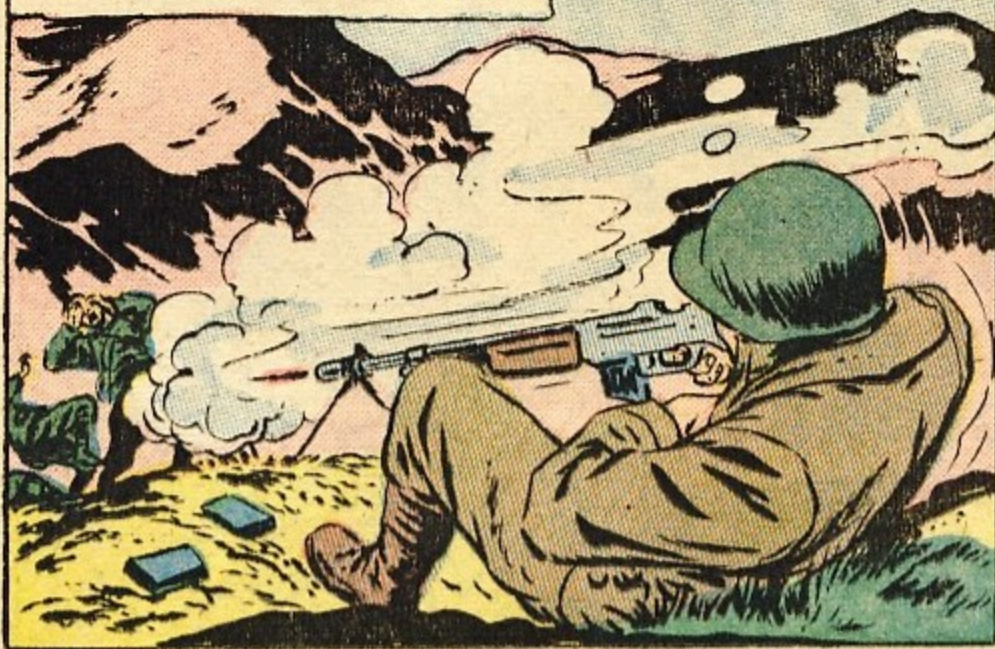
I'M HIT, SARGE! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! UGH!... I... CAN'T MOVE!



YOU LAY LOW, VET! I'LL CRAWL BACK AND GET SOME HELP. DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON!



VETERAN JOE COLLINS LAY THERE. MINUTES LATER THE ENEMY CAME UP THE HILLSIDE TOWARD HIM. HELPLESSLY HIS FINGER GRIPPED THE TRIGGER OF HIS BROWNING AUTOMATIC.



BUT THERE WERE JUST TOO MANY OF THEM AND IT WAS JUST A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THEY CUT HIM DOWN.



HOURS LATER HELP ARRIVED ONLY TO FIND VETERAN COLLINS DEAD AND SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMY HE TOOK WITH HIM.

HEY, WHAT'S **THIS** HERE IN HIS POCKET!

HERE, LEMME SEE THAT!

WELL I'LL BE! IT'S TRANSFER ORDERS FOR HOME -- SHOULDA BEEN ON A SHIP RIGHT NOW!

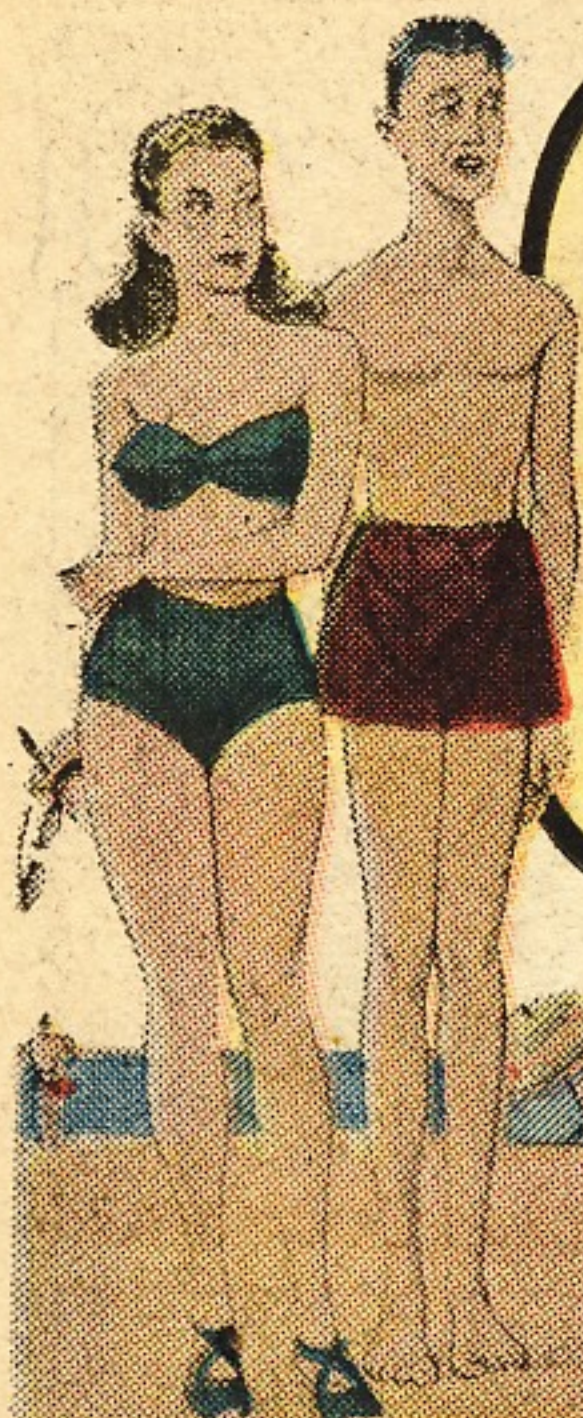


HOW CAN YOU FIGURE A GUY LIKE THAT -- STUCK TO A DIRTY JOB WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE TO...

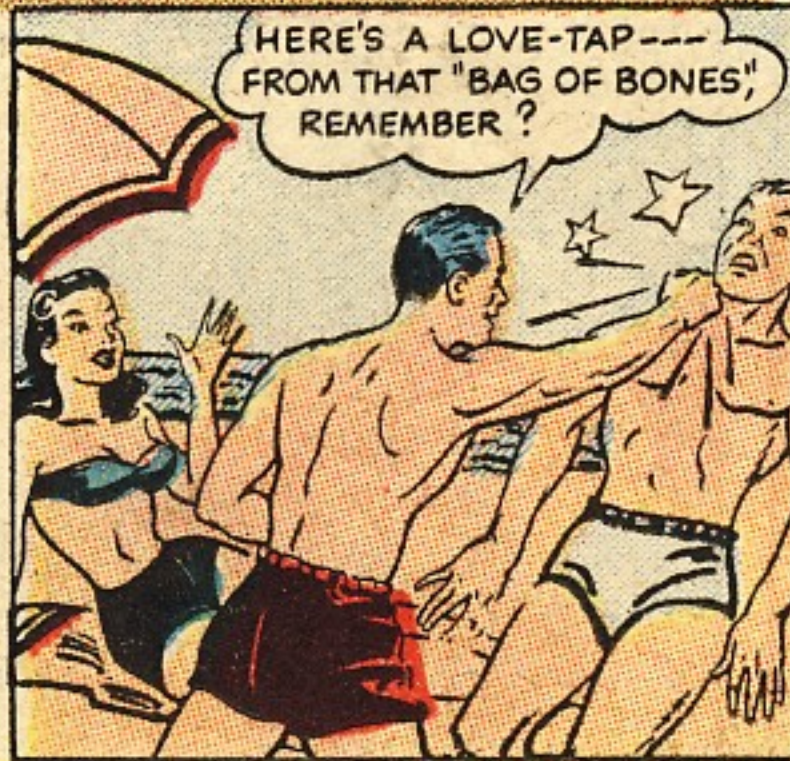
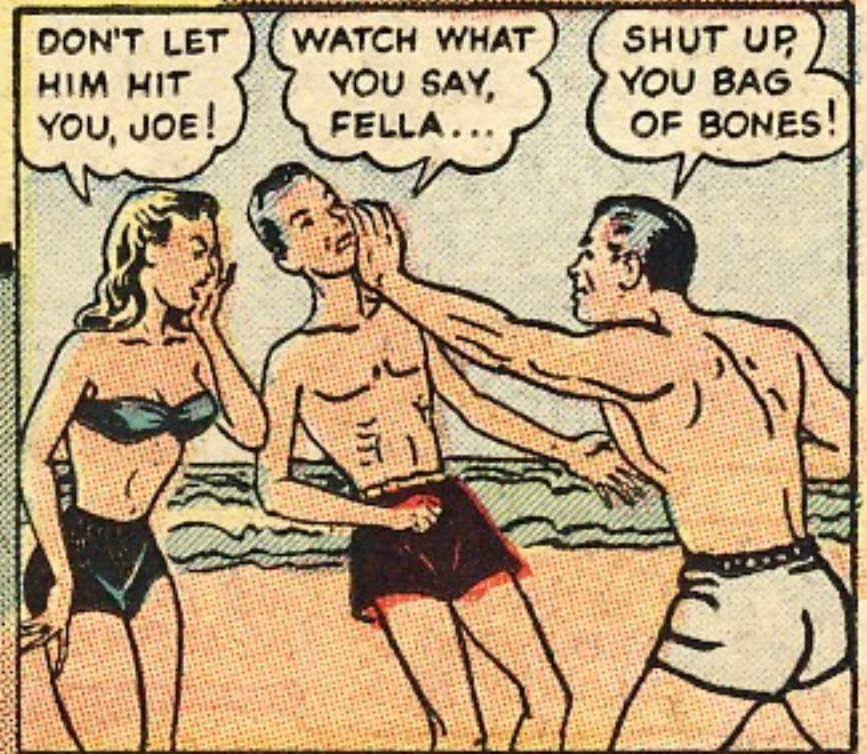
FOR 14 MONTHS VETERAN JOE COLLINS HAD GRIPED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO GO HOME NOW, AT LONG LAST, HE WAS ON HIS WAY.



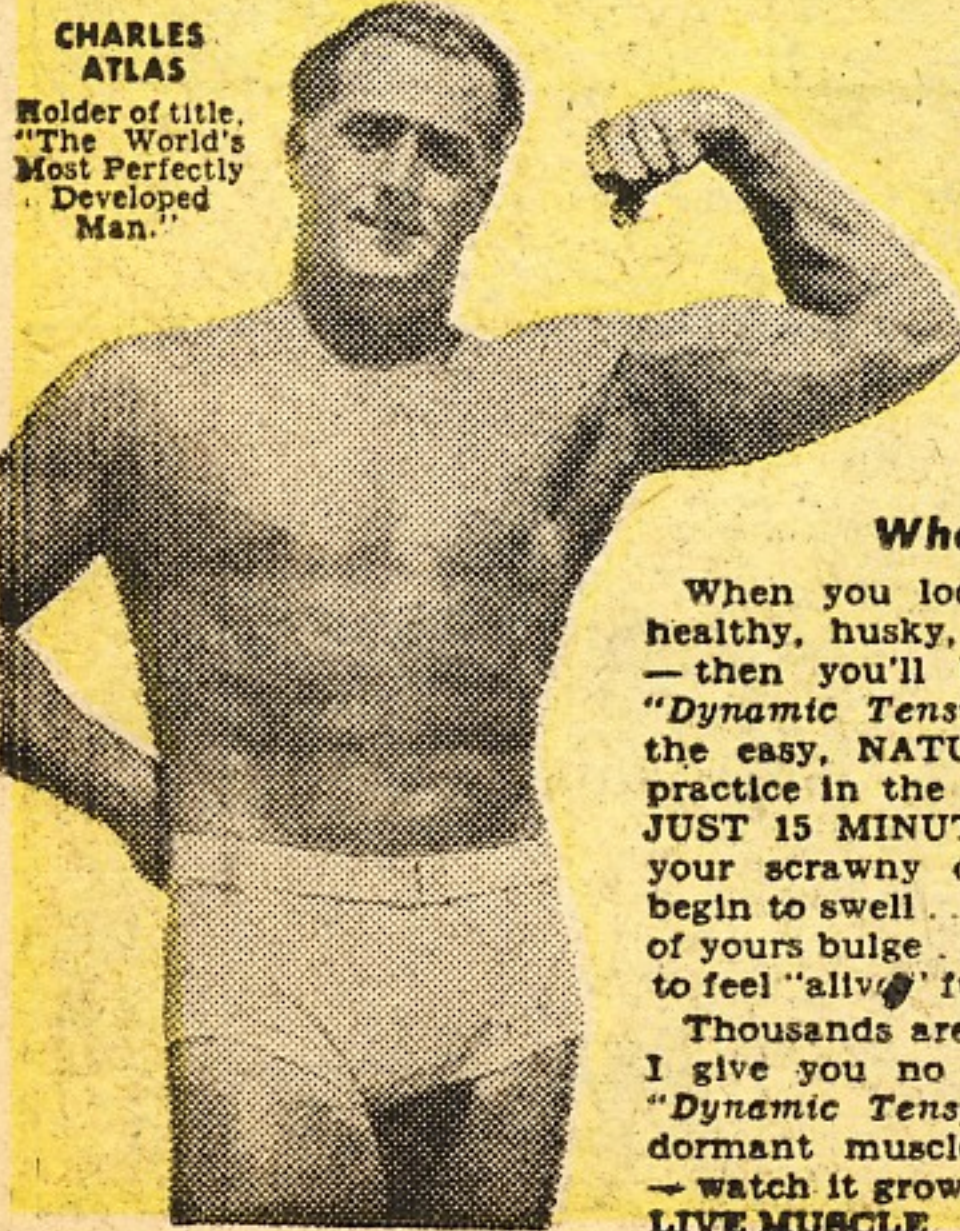
THE END.



**Hey
SKINNY!**
...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



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Man."

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THEY CALLED HIM "HOUDINI" BECAUSE HE WAS AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN. HE COULD DO THINGS WITH A ROPE OR DECK OF CARDS... AND HIS BUDDIES LOVED IT. THEY'D WATCH IN AMAZEMENT AS HE DID TRICK AFTER TRICK... FOR HOUDINI WAS THE MASTER OF THE SLEIGHT OF HAND... AND IT WAS ALL DONE WITH A...

TWIST of the WRIST!

HEY, "HOUDINI," HOW DO YOU DO THAT TRICK WITH THE FOUR ACES?

YEAH, THAT'S THE GREATEST!

I NEVER TELL MY SECRETS... LET'S JUST SAY IT'S DONE WITH A **TWIST OF THE WRIST!**



BUT THE WAR STILL HAD TO BE FOUGHT, AND TO THESE MEN OF THE AIRBORNE INFANTRY IT WAS A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY GO INTO BATTLE...

I GOT ORDERS FOR A SMALL DETAIL AND I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS! WHO'S IT GONNA BE?



[IN THE ARMY THERE IS AN UNWRITTEN LAW... NEVER VOLUNTEER... AND SO IT ALWAYS HAPPENS ...

OKAY! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT! "HOUDINI" GET YOUR SIDEKICK "BROOKLYN" ON THE DOUBLE AND LET'S GO!



LISTEN, YOU JOKERS! I WANT YOU TO MOVE UP INTO THE HILLS AND FIND OUT **THE COMMIES' POSITION**, HOW MANY THERE ARE AND JUST WHAT TRICKS THEY ARE UP TO! SHOULD BE RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY, "HOUDINI"!



AND SO THE TWO G.I.'S SET OUT ON THE **RECON MISSION**, A MISSION THAT WAS TO TAKE THEM DEEP INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!

WE'LL TAKE THE JEEP AS FAR AS WE CAN... NO SENSE WALKING!



BUT FINALLY THE TERRAIN IS TOO ROUGH FOR THE JEEP AND THE MEN ARE FORCED TO MOVE ON BY FOOT!

KEEP ME COVERED, "BROOKLYN." I'LL SCOUT THIS RIDGE.



AS "HOUDINI" STARTS FOR THE RIDGE HE AND BROOKLYN FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED BY THE ENEMY'S ADVANCE PATROL.

WE'RE TRAPPED, BROOK... IT'S THE GOOKS!



STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND AMMUNITION, THE TWO SCOUTS, BOUND BY ROPE AND CAREFULLY GUARDED, ARE MARCHED BACK TO ENEMY HEADQUARTERS! **PRISONERS OF WAR!**



FINALLY THEY REACH THE ENEMY COMMAND POST. "HOUDINI" WILLIAMS AND "BROOKLYN" BENTLEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE RED COMMANDER!

WELL, WELL... MY ESTEEMED ENEMY! NOW YOU SEE HOW FUTILE IT IS TO FIGHT THE MIGHTY FORCE OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC!





AMERICAN SWINE, I COULD KILL YOU NOW -- BUT NO, NOT YET... I WANT YOU TO ENJOY THE ANNIHILATION OF YOUR COMRADES!



WE HAVE MANY MEN, FULLY EQUIPPED, READY TO SWEEP DOWN ON YOUR WEAK FORCES OUT! YOUR MEN WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM! MY TROOPS ONLY WAIT FOR MY COMMAND! HA! HA! YOU'LL SEE HOW THE YANKEE PIGS DIE!



CONTENT WITH HIS GREAT SPEECH THE RED COMMANDER BLURTS OUT AN ORDER...

TIE THE AMERICAN DOGS TO THE TREE AND LET THEM WAIT FOR THEIR FRIENDS!



WELL, "HOUDINI," YA BEEN PULLIN' THAT MAGIC STUFF SINCE YOU WERE DRAFTED. NOW WHEN YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT -- YOUR MIND'S A BLANK!

DON'T WORRY, BROOKLYN, THIS IS RIGHT UP MY ALLEY!



BACK HOME THEY SAID DICK WILLIAMS' MAGIC WOULD BE THE DEATH OF HIM BUT "HOUDINI" WILLIAMS WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE. HE CONCENTRATED -- ONE, TWO -- TWIST, ONE, TWO -- PULL -- FREE! MAGIC, ALL DONE WITH A TWIST OF THE WRIST!

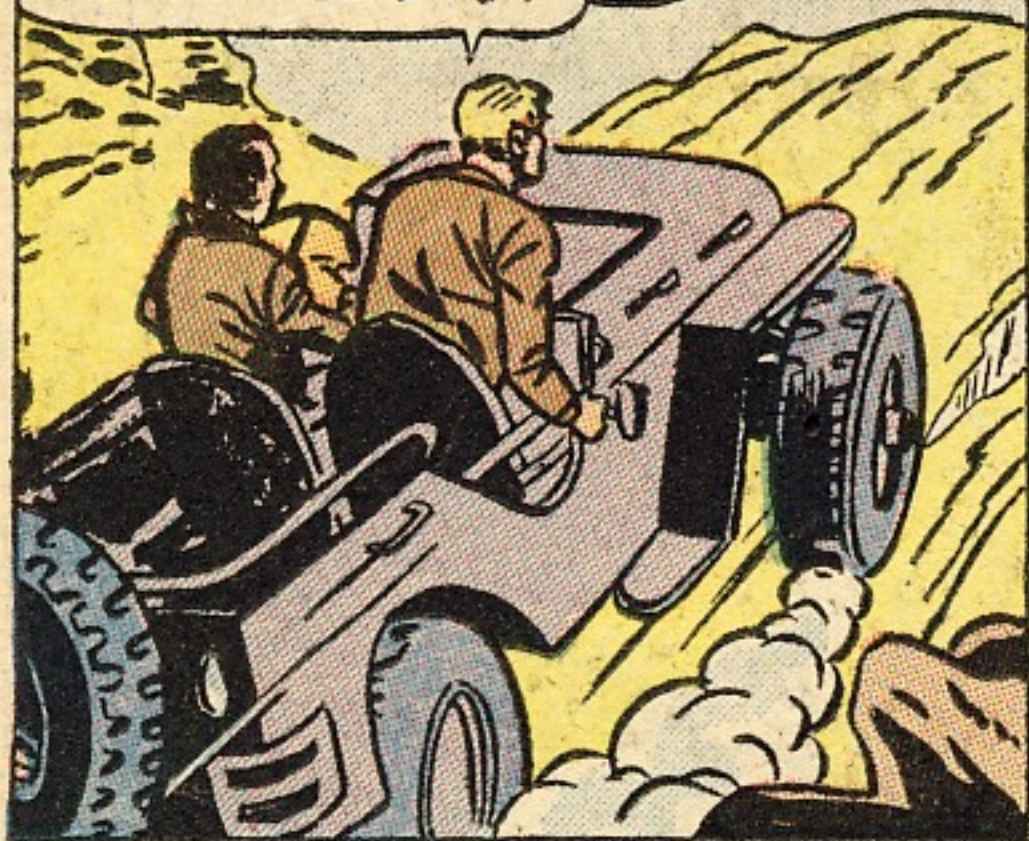


QUICKLY HOUDINI AND BROOKLYN IN THEIR FLIGHT TO FREEDOM SCURRIED TOWARD THEIR JEEP!

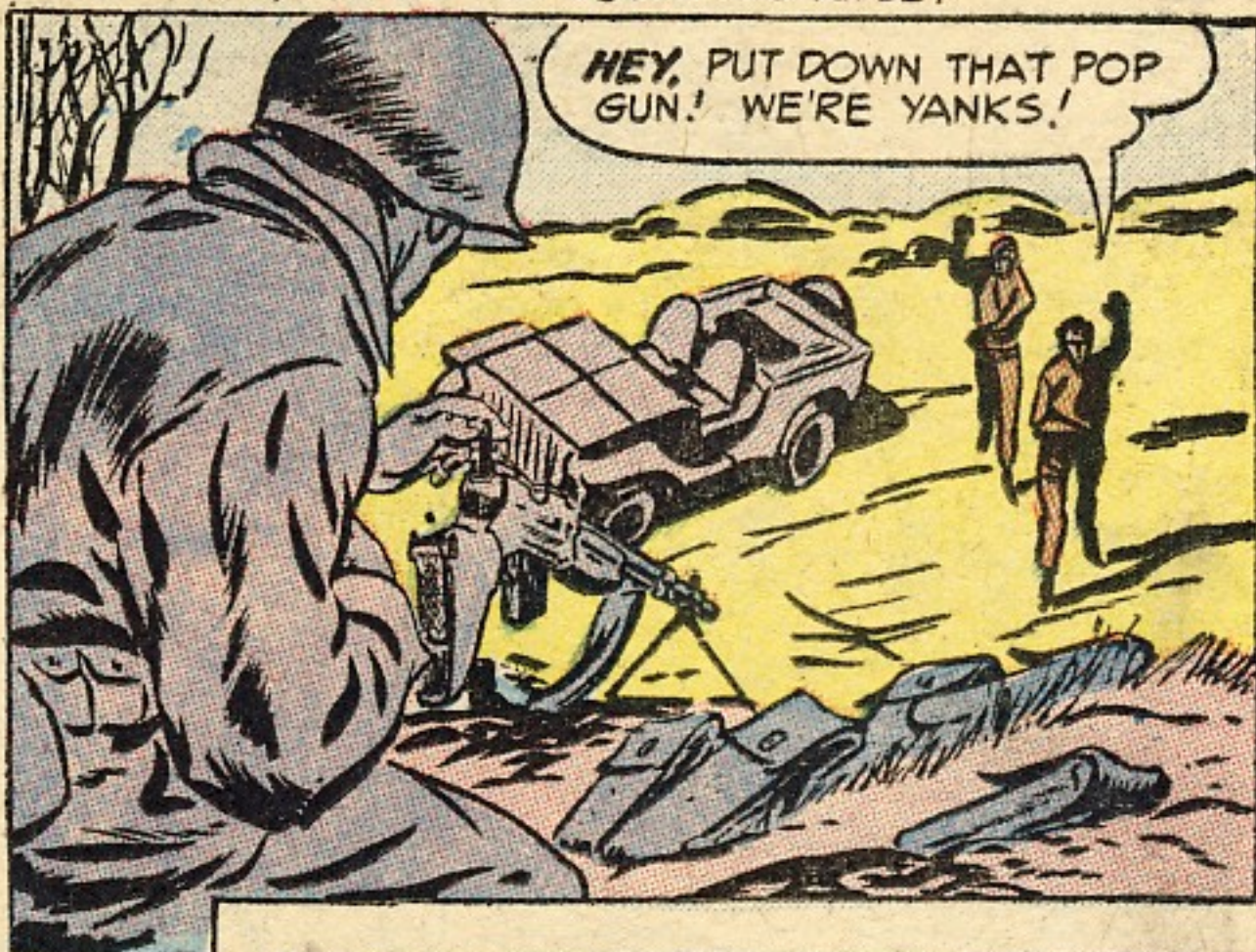
HURRY! GET THE THING STARTED BEFORE THEY SPOT US. WE GOTTA GET BACK!

TIME WAS OF THE ESSENCE AS THE FUGITIVES RACED TOWARD THEIR OWN ADVANCE LINES...

COME ON, BROOKLYN MAKE WITH THE WINGS! LETS FLY!



DUMBOUNDED AT THE APPROACHING JEEP AND EXPECTING A RED TRICK, THE GUARD COCKS HIS RIFLE!



HEY, PUT DOWN THAT POP GUN! WE'RE YANKS!

FIRMLY SECURE BEHIND THEIR OWN LINES, TWO MEN TELL THEIR MAJOR OF THEIR EXPERIENCES WITH THE REDS AND WHAT THE ENEMY HAS IN STORE FOR THEM!

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! THEY'RE JUST SITTING THERE WAITING FOR US!

GREAT! AND THEY WON'T HAVE TOO LONG TO WAIT... ONLY WE'RE GOING TO HIT THEM FROM THE REAR!

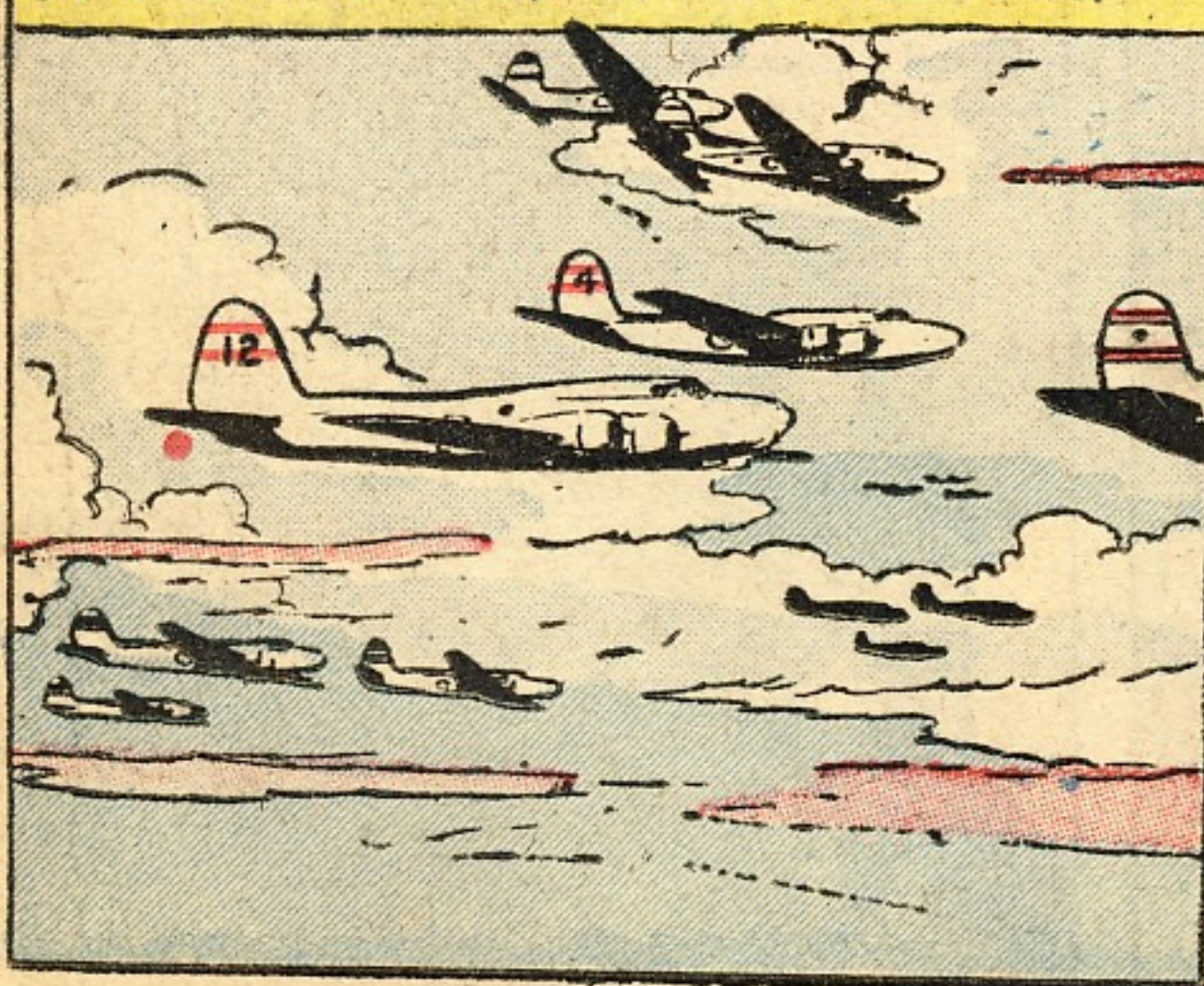


THE PLANS ARE QUICKLY DRAWN UP AND THE AIRBORNE TROOPS ARE READY TO MOVE OUT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, THIS IS IT! LET'S GET DOWN TO THOSE SHIPS... THIS IS WHAT THEY PAY US FOR!



THE SKIES OVER NORTH KOREA WERE SUDDENLY DARKENED BY THE HEAVY ARMADA OF TRANSPORTS THAT PLAYED THEIR PART IN THE PLAN BY SKIRTING THE ENEMY POSITIONS AND COMING IN FROM THE REAR!



AT THE DROP AREA THE AIRBORNE DIVISION HIT THE SILK! THE PARACHUTES LOOKED LIKE UMBRELLAS AS THEY FLOATED EARTHWARD... UMBRELLAS THAT COVERED THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD!



AS PLANNED THEY LAND JUST SHORT OF THE ENEMY POSITION...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY! THEY MAY BE WAITING FOR US!



NEVER EXPECTING AN ATTACK AT THEIR REAR... THE ENEMY WAS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE...

OPEN UP! WE GOT 'EM IN A CROSSFIRE!



PANIC STRICKEN, THE REDS TRIED TO REFORM, BUT THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR THE SUPERIOR FORCES THAT HAD TRAPPED THEM!

KEEP POURING IT ON... WE GOT 'EM NOW!



IN A FEW HOURS IT WAS ALL OVER AND THE DIVISION RETURNED TO THE BIVOUAC... THERE TO GET THE STORY FROM "HOUDINI."

SHOW US HOW YOU DID IT, "HOUDINI"... I HEARD YOU WERE TIED TO A TREE!

IT WAS EASY... I DID IT WITH MAGIC! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PULL... TIGHTEN, FLIP...



...AND THEN WITH A TWIST OF THE WRIST YOU'RE FREE! JUST LIKE... HEY, IT DIDN'T WORK! GULP!



THE END

RETURN TO DARKNESS

It was dark. And I was afraid. Not of the enemy that lay up ahead among the rocks and boulders, but of the deep, penetrating night.

I had always been afraid of the dark. Even in childhood I was afraid to sleep without a light in my room . . . or go down into the dark cellar. And the fear had stayed with me all my life . . . it was something that I had taken with me into the Army.

I watched the rest of the patrol put the black grease on their faces as they prepared for the mission. Sgt. Downs went from man to man checking equipment, talking to the men, giving advice where it was needed. He was a good soldier, Sergeant Sam Downs, a good soldier and a better leader. He knew the ropes, and he respected his enemy.

"Whatsa matter, Jensen? How come you're not ready yet! We haven't got all day!"

"I'll be okay, Sarge . . . it's just that I want to get used to the dark first."

His lips curled up in a sneer. "I've heard all about this fear of yours, and it don't impress me! You're a big boy now . . . and you're going out on that patrol if I have to drag you myself!"

I turned from him and started to smear the grease around my eyes. Anything to get away from that contemptuous sneer of his. He had me all wrong. He thought I was a coward. Afraid to face the enemy. And it wasn't that at all. I had the normal fears of every infantry soldier . . . but there was something else that I was afraid of . . . the dark! How could I make Downs believe that?

We crouched in the darkness and I felt the comfort of the men alongside me. Something welled up in my throat, but I forced it back down.

A harsh whisper grated through the night. "Okay you guys, move out! But keep low and watch for my signals!"

We snaked our way through the high grass, keeping low, and watching for the enemy which we knew were around us. This was a combat patrol, designed to hit and run. To kill and destroy, and then get back to the safety of our own lines. To throw the enemy off balance.

We moved out of the grass into a rocky area. Off to my left I heard a click as somebody removed the safety from an automatic weapon. I followed suit.

Something moved toward me and I threw the BAR to my shoulder and my fingers tightened around the steel trigger.

"Put that pop-gun down, Jensen, it's me!" Sgt. Downs crawled behind the rock that I was using. "I'm leaving you here to cover our rear! The rest of us are going up ahead. If you spot anything or hear any firing come a-running!"

He snaked his way back through the grass . . . and I was left alone. In the darkness!

The blackness closed about me and I shuddered as the velvet cloak settled over the countryside. Except for the chirping of some crickets there was nothing . . . nothing, but blackness!

The sweat trickled down the small of my back and I felt the O.D. shirt plaster itself to my skin. I rubbed my clammy hands against the side of my pants and felt the soft pieces of lint that stuck to the palms. There was no use fighting it, that dreadful feeling was beginning to creep up on me again. I felt it as the blackness settled down over the rocks, and the shadows played against each other as the wind whispered among the trees. It was dark. And I was afraid.

I moved to my knees as something stirred in the darkness. I brought the gun to my shoulder and peered out into the black

depths by the grass. My fingers tightened over the trigger then relaxed as a small dark animal scurried across the moonlight and disappeared into some crevice. I wiped the sweat from my face with the arm of my shirt, then leaned exhausted against the side of a boulder.

The quietness settled down over the area and I waited. And prayed. Prayed that the darkness would lift. Or that the patrol would return. Misery loves company. Somewhere off to the East an owl hooted and I clenched my teeth. I had to get out of there. Now.

I hesitated once then made up my mind. Anything would be better than staying out there in the darkness. Alone. I decided to get back to the Company Area. Let them shoot me as a deserter, I didn't care. I had to have light. And people. But mostly light . . . anything but darkness.

I moved away from the shelter of the rock and edged down into the high grass. In half an hour I would be back at the area. In half an hour I would be alive again.

Something cracked over to the left and I halted. Froze. Then a burp gun opened up, splitting the night like an angry buzz saw. What had Downs said? Oh yes, to come a-running when I heard gunfire. But I couldn't move. Not through that darkness. Not through the unknown. But I had to.

My uniform was drenched in sweat as I forced my feet to move out. I slipped to the ground several times but kept moving. Something in my brain kept whispering, "Go back! Go back!" Instinct told me to obey, but something more than instinct kept me going toward the sound of the gunfire. I had to prove to Downs that I wasn't a coward . . . that I wasn't afraid of the darkness.

I finally made the area where the gunfire had been crisscrossing the night. I was standing on a rise between the two lines wondering what to do next when I saw what was holding up the patrol's advance. A machine gun nest lay hidden among the boulders. Every once in a while it would

stab out at the Yanks then relax. Just enough to keep them off guard. Somebody had to get that nest. Me. Me, who was so afraid of the dark he jumped at his own shadow. I was the only one who could penetrate the ribbon of black that separated the gun emplacement from my buddies.

I pushed my way through the wave of darkness and headed toward the concealed bunker. My footsteps slogged at every step and I gulped as I tried to draw in air . . . and I kept moving.

High in the heavens above a playful wind whipped at a fluffy cloud and blew it along like a balloon. The veil over the moon lifted, illuminating the entire scene with a hazy light. I could see!

In back of me a voice roared out, "Get down you fool! Jensen, come back here!" It was Downs. I laughed to myself as I broke into a semi-trot. Then the bunker opened up.

Flares blossomed overhead and the steady singing of machine gun bullets whined over my head. But I kept on. I could see!

I crouched on one knee, ripped the pin out of the grenade with my teeth, and lobbed it toward the bunker. Then I moved forward, firing the BAR hip-high like a gangster. The concussion from the explosion struck me in the face and knocked me to the ground. Another bunker opened up and I felt the fragments of steel penetrating as the grenade exploded overhead. Then I didn't feel anything . . . except the darkness and the night closing in on me.

I felt the clean sheets under my body as I struggled to a sitting position. A hospital bed. From in front of the bed a voice said, "Take it easy, Jensen, you're gonna be okay. They're gonna send you home tomorrow. Then you won't have a thing to worry about!" It was Downs.

I grinned to myself and opened my eyes. Then shuddered and felt the familiar sweat break out on my face. It was still dark . . . still night. The nightmares flashed through my mind and something snapped as I tore at the bandages . . . I was blind!

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FLYING SAUCERS—ROCKETS—
MEN FROM MARS etc. ALL \$1
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SPACE COLOR PLASTIC!

YOU CAN ACTUALLY
SHOOT ROCKETS
INTO SPACE WITH
YOUR SPACEPORT
ROCKET LAUNCHER.
Safe—Harmless

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Send . . . set(s) of 70 Interplanetary Space-
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Enclosed is \$ Send . . . sets. If dis-
satisfied, I'll return for refund within 10 days
but keep the Free Gift.

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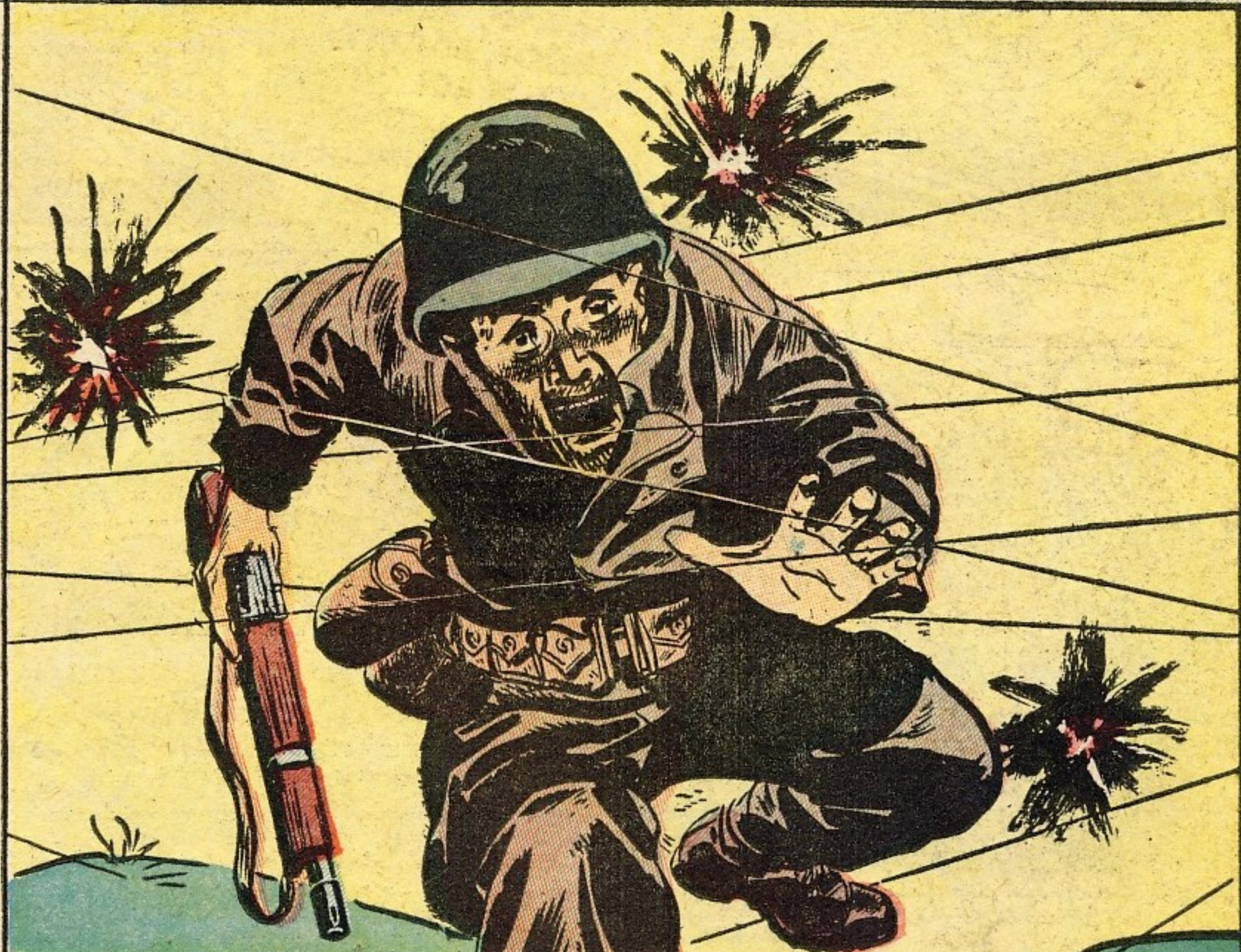
MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED

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 • 1 Searchlight • 1 Ray Gun •
 1 Nuclear Laboratory • 1 Ray
 Neutralizer • 1 Mystery Planet •
 1 Transmitter • 19 Rockets



MEN HAVE FUNNY FEARS... ESPECIALLY IN COMBAT. BUT **BOB CAIN** WASN'T AFRAID OF ENEMY BULLETS... HIS FEAR WAS OF **DOCTORS... OF DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS!** AS FAR AS HE WAS CONCERNED, IT WAS BETTER TO GET KILLED THAN WOUNDED! THAT WAS HIS...

OPERATION Rx!



THEY GOT
CAIN IN A
CROSSFIRE!

HE'S STILL GOT
A CHANCE... IF
HE CAN MAKE
THAT ROCK!



WITH BULLETS FLYING ALL AROUND
HIM, BOB TWISTED AND DODGED...
AND MADE IT!







NOTHING...WRONG...WITH...ME...
JUST A...SCRATCH...OH-HH---!

HE
FAINTED!

BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE! GET
THAT MEDIC OVER
HERE... AND **HURRY!**



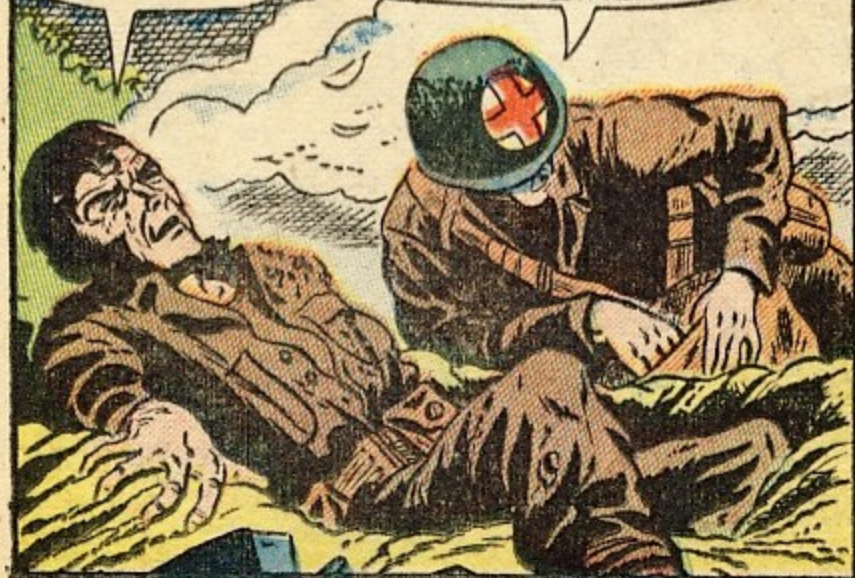
TAKE CARE OF
THIS GUY, MEDIC...
HE'S ONE OF
THE BEST!

THEY ALL ARE,
SARGE... THEY
ALL ARE!



I'M OKAY!
.... GET
AWAY
FROM ME!

FIRST TIME I EVER
HEARD **THAT!** MOST
GUYS ARE ONLY TOO
GLAD TO GET OFF
THE LINE!



NOT **ME!** I AIN'T BEEN INSIDE
A HOSPITAL OR SEEN A
DOCTOR IN MY LIFE... I'D
RATHER BE DEAD THAN
LET ONE OF THEM GUYS
CUT ME UP!



BESIDES, THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH ME... I AIN'T
HIT... YOU GOT THE... WRONG
GUY... THE... WRONG... GUY...
NO... DOCTOR... IS... GONNA...

MAYBE SO
MAYBE SO.



HE'S RIGHT... HE WASN'T HIT...
BUT HE'S GOT ACUTE APPENDICITIS!
TOO LATE TO MOVE HIM. HE'LL HAVE TO
BE OPERATED ON HERE... **AND NOW!**



AND SO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, BOB CAIN FELT
THE SURGEON'S KNIFE--- IN ORDER TO SAVE
THAT LIFE!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

THANKS, DOC... I'M KINDA
GLAD I PASSED OUT... I DON'T
THINK I WOULD'VE LET
YOU CUT ME OTHERWISE...
...NEVER NEEDED
A DOCTOR BEFORE!

OH, YOU GOT
NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT...
YOUR RECORD IS
STILL INTACT...



...YOU SEE... I'M
NO DOCTOR!



**THE
END.**

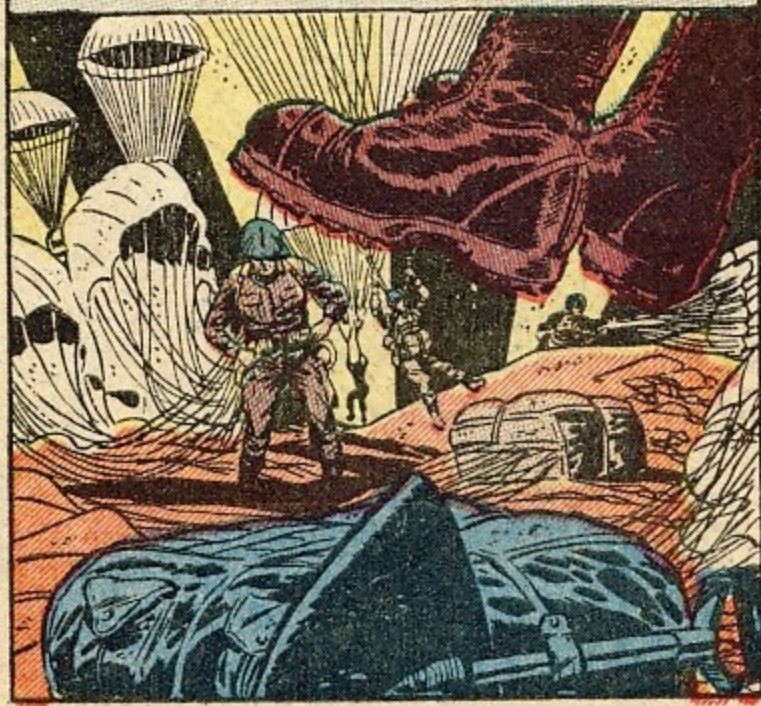
"FAMOUS BATTLE CRY SERIES — NUMBER 2"

THROUGH THE PAGES OF HISTORY ARE RECORDED FAMOUS BATTLE CRIES OF COMBAT! A BATTLE CRY THAT STARTED ON THE PLAINS OF THE SOUTHWEST AND THEN WAS USED BY AMERICAN PARATROOPERS IN WORLD WAR II. A BATTLE CRY THAT STRUCK TERROR AND FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE ENEMY! THE BATTLE CRY...

GERONIMO!



SURPRISE WAS THE ELEMENT THE PARATROOPERS CAPITALIZED ON. THEY STRUCK FROM THE BLUE WITH A FIERCENESS THAT DEFIED DESCRIPTION...



THE TACTICS WERE THE SAME AS GERONIMO'S... HIT! DESTROY! KILL! THEN RUN!

OKAY, GUYS, LET'S GO!
WE GOT A NICE PIECE
OF WORK CUT OUT
FOR US!



ONCE AGAIN THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WORKED TO PERFECTION...

C'MON, POUR IT ON,
MEN, POUR IT ON!



THAT DOES IT! LET'S
MOP UP AND GO HOME!



MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED,
SIR! AND HERE'S
A LITTLE
SURPRISE
PACKAGE
WE PICKED
UP ON THE
WAY BACK!

I HAVE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE IT
IN ALL MY YEARS
OF WAR STRATEGY!
WHERE DID THEY COME
FROM? HOW COULD
THEY HIT US AS HARD
AS THEY DID? WHO-
EVER DEvised SUCH
A STRATEGY?



GERONIMO?
WHO IS HE?

AN AMERICAN,
FRITZ! A
NATIVE
AMERICAN...
SIT DOWN AND
I'LL TELL YOU
ABOUT THE OLD
BOY...



I
STARTED
DURING
1881
SOMEWHERE
IN ARIZONA
WHEN A
GROUP OF
APACHE
INDIANS
LEFT
THEIR
RESERVATION
BECAUSE
THEY HAD
BEEN
SEPARATED
FROM
THEIR
FAMILIES...

WE HAVE GATHERED HERE
IN COUNCIL TO HEAR ONE
OF OUR WARRIORS SPEAK...



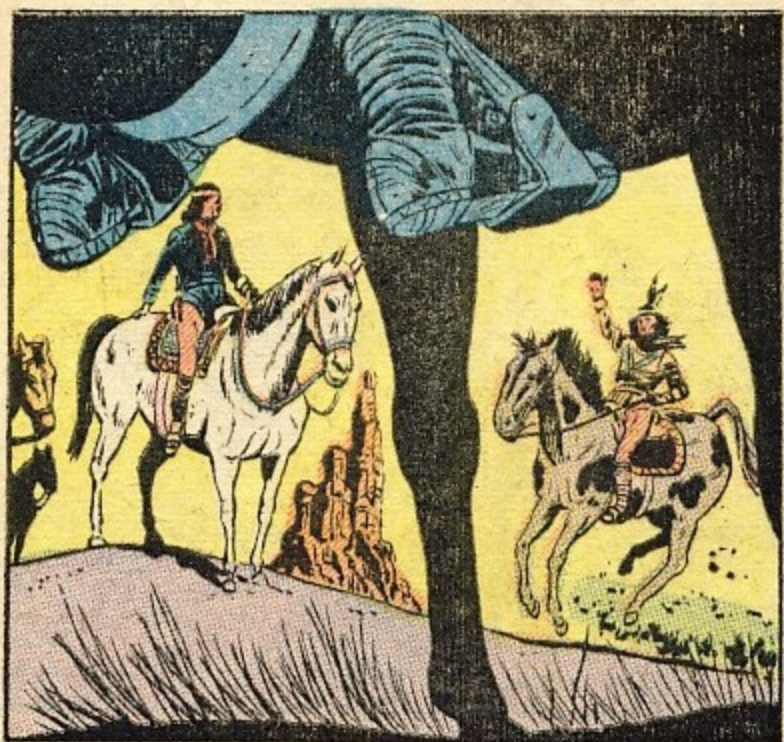
I, GERONIMO HAVE THE ANSWER. THE
WHITE MAN HAS VIOLATED THE TREATY,
BUT WE SHALL NOT TAKE THIS LYING
DOWN LIKE THE COWARDLY RABBIT...
WE SHALL ATTACK, AND KILL AND
DESTROY! THEN THE WHITE MAN SHALL
KNOW THE TERROR OF APACHE REVENGE!



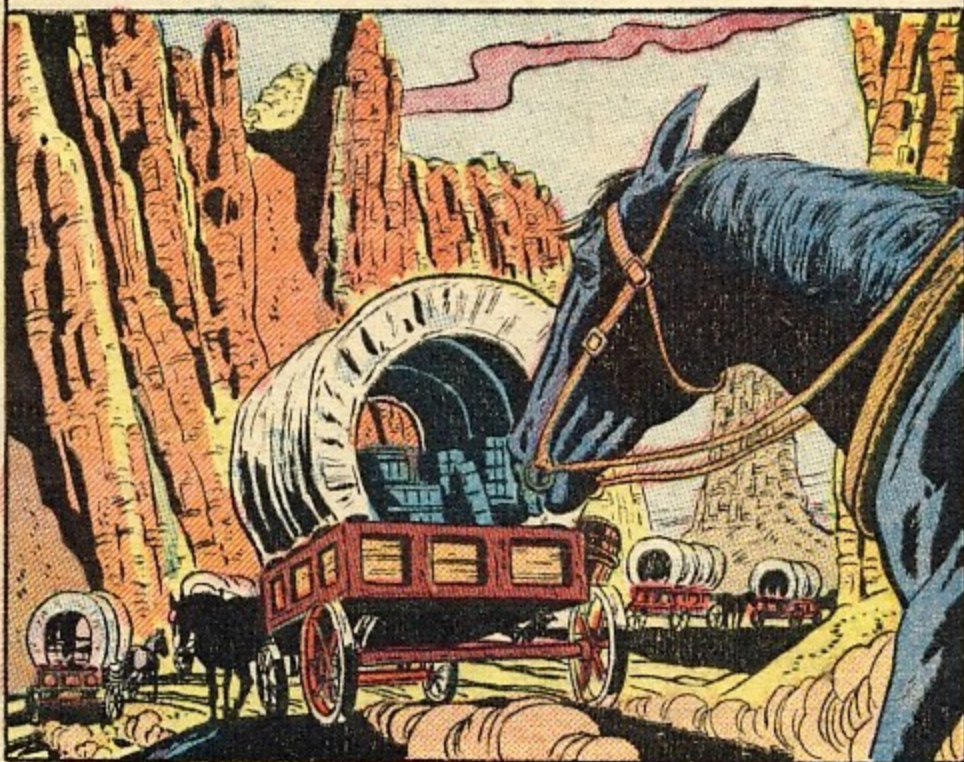
GERONIMO
HAD SPOKEN!
AND IT WAS
DECIDED THAT
THE YOUNG
CHIEFTAN WAS
TO LEAD
HIS BRAVES
INTO BATTLE...
A BATTLE
THAT WAS TO
STRIKE TERROR
AND FEAR
INTO THE
HEARTS
OF EVERY
WHITE
SETTLER IN
THE ARIZONA
TERRITORY!



GERONIMO'S SCOUTS RANGED FAR AND WIDE AND FINALLY ONE OF THEM BROUGHT BACK THE NEWS HE WAS WAITING FOR... THE APACHES WERE READY TO ATTACK!



TARGET, NUMBER ONE! A SLOW, UNSUSPECTING WAGON TRAIN. THE SETTING WAS CALM AND PEACEFUL... AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING!



AND THEN GERONIMO AND HIS BRAVES STRUCK!



DESPERATELY THE SETTLERS TRIED TO RIG UP A DEFENSE, BUT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE HAD COMPLETELY HALTED THEM. THEY WERE HELPLESS.



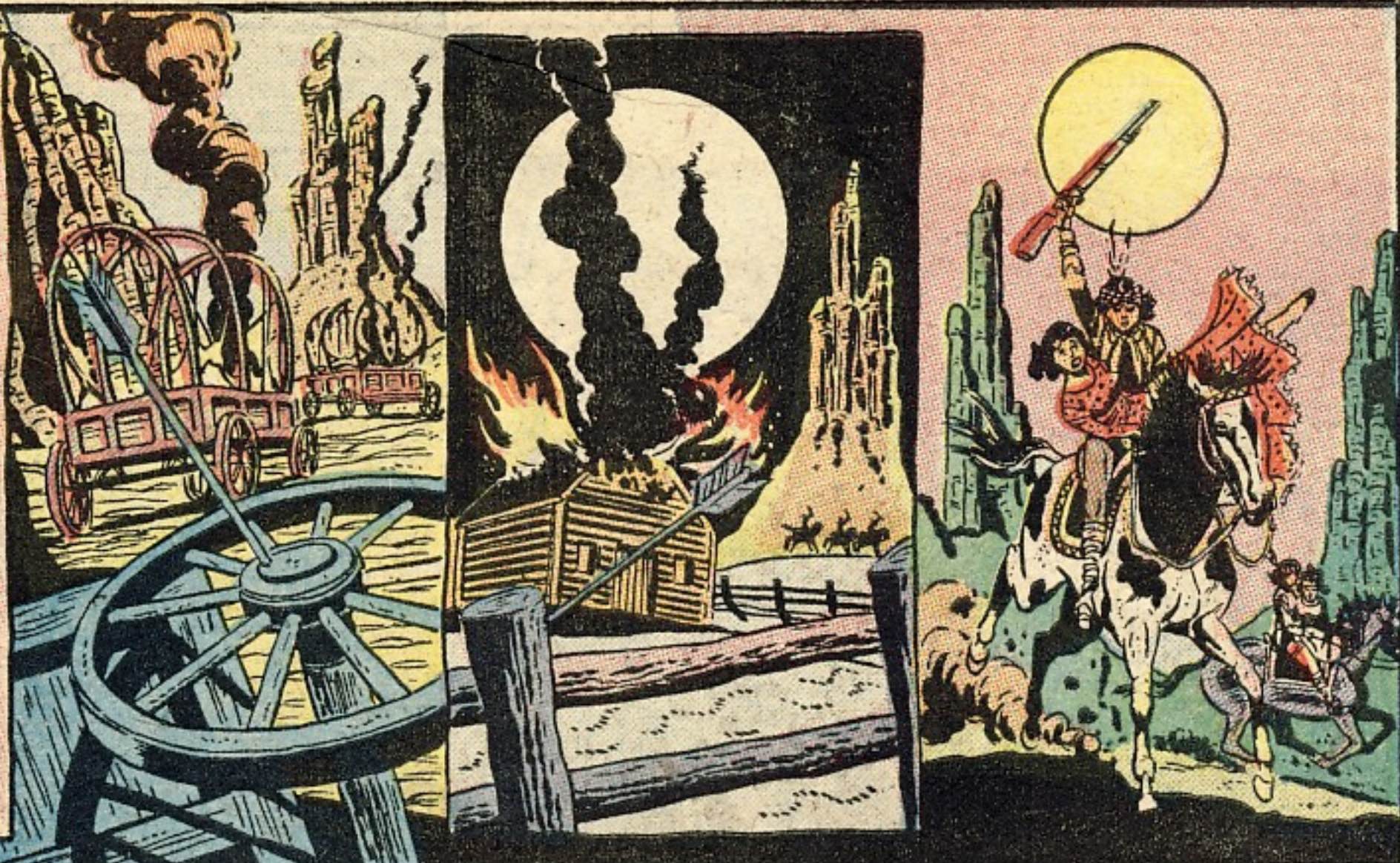
THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE TO GERONIMO'S WARRIORS... THERE COULDN'T BE ANY. THEY WEREN'T PREPARED TO FIGHT OFF THE HORDES OF DEMONS THAT SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE! AND THE RAID WAS OVER AS QUICKLY AS IT BEGAN...



OH, MIGHTY SPIRIT, THE WHITE MAN HAS FALLEN BEFORE OUR ARROWS AND TOMAHAWKS... YOU HAVE HEARD OUR PRAYERS AND HAVE ANSWERED!



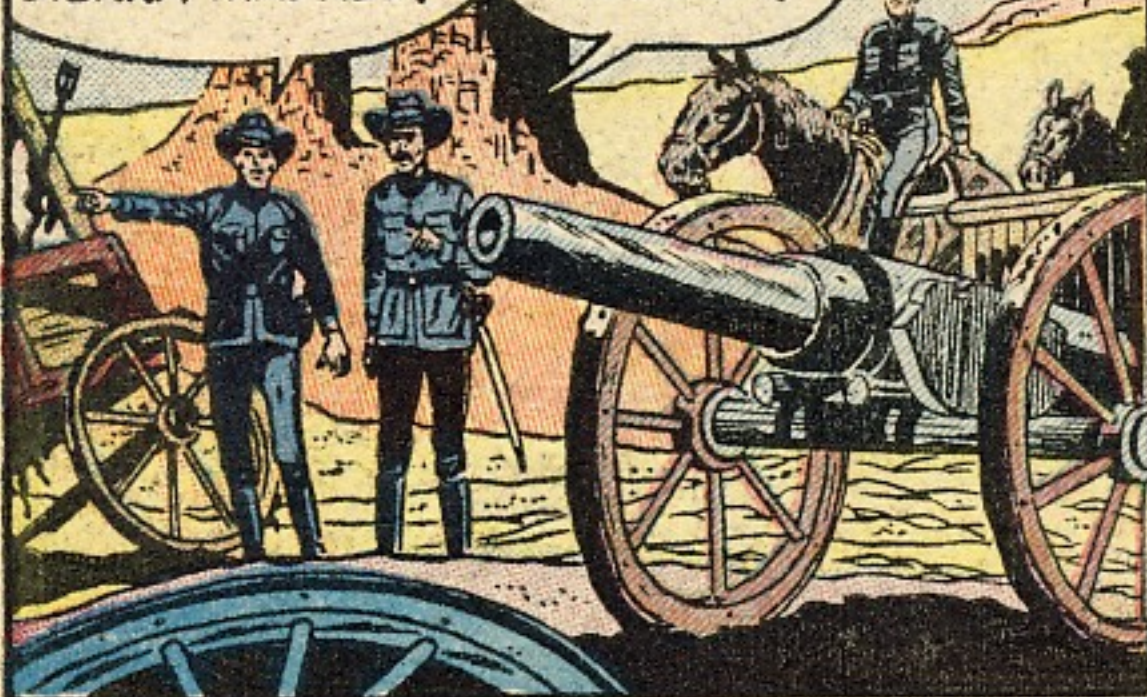
YES, THE WHITE MAN HAD FALLEN BEFORE THE WILEY GERONIMO, AND BEFORE THIS BORDER WAR WAS TO END MANY MORE WOULD FEEL THE STING OF THE APACHE ARROW AND THE BITE OF HIS HATCHET. THE NAME OF GERONIMO WOULD WRITE ITS WAY ON TO THE PAGES OF HISTORY... IN BLOOD, IN TERROR AND IN DESTRUCTION!



WORD OF THE AMBUSH SOON SPREAD, AND AMERICAN CAVALRY TROOPS LED BY GENERAL CROOKS WENT OUT TO WIPE OUT THE RENEGADE APACHES.

THESE ARE INDIAN PONY TRACKS ALL RIGHT! AND THEY LEAD TOWARD THE SIERRA MADRES!

TELL THE MEN TO MOUNT UP, CAPTAIN! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM IF IT TAKES US INTO SOUTH AMERICA!

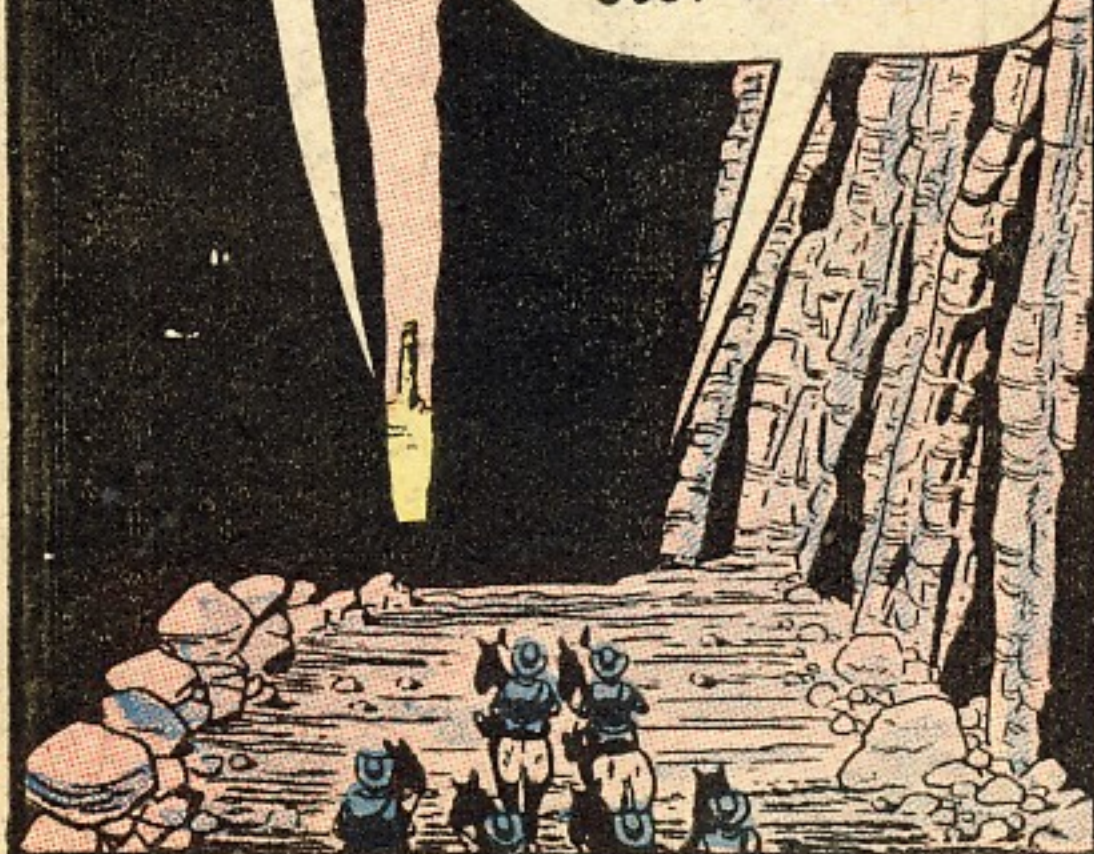


IT DIDN'T TAKE THE TROOPERS TO SOUTH AMERICA, BUT THE TRAIL DID GO ACROSS THE BORDER INTO THE MOUNTAINS OF MEXICO. MOUNTAINS THAT GERONIMO KNEW LIKE THE BACK OF HIS HAND!



I DON'T LIKE THIS, SIR. THINGS ARE TOO QUIET AROUND HERE.

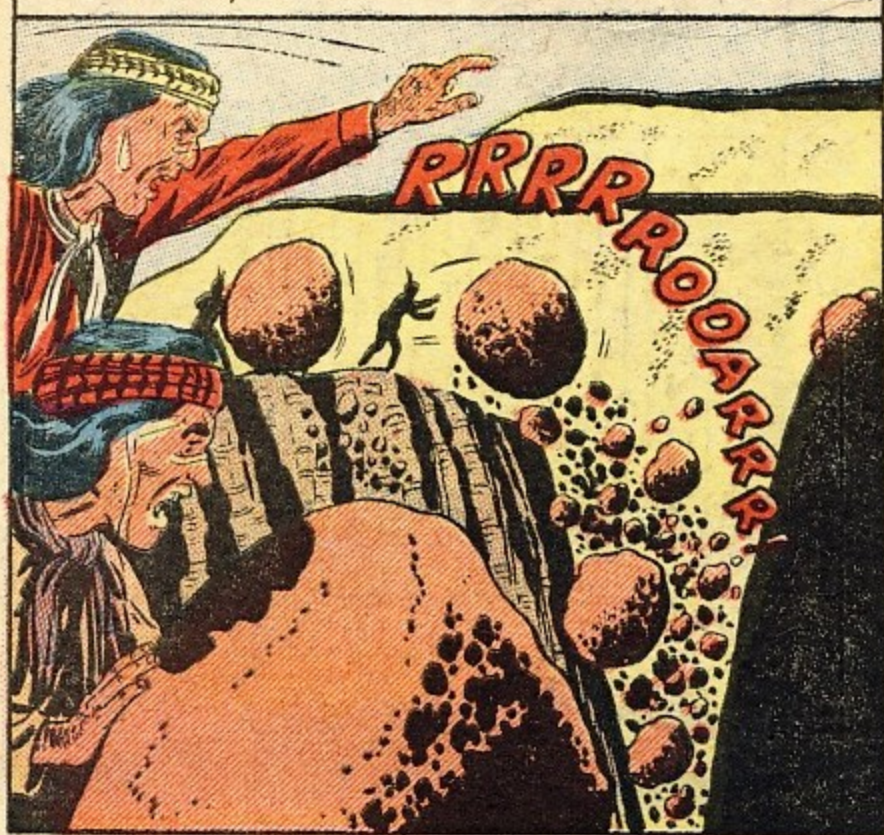
NEITHER DO I, BETTER TELL THE MEN TO MOVE CLOSER TO THE WALLS OF THE CANYON JUST IN CASE...



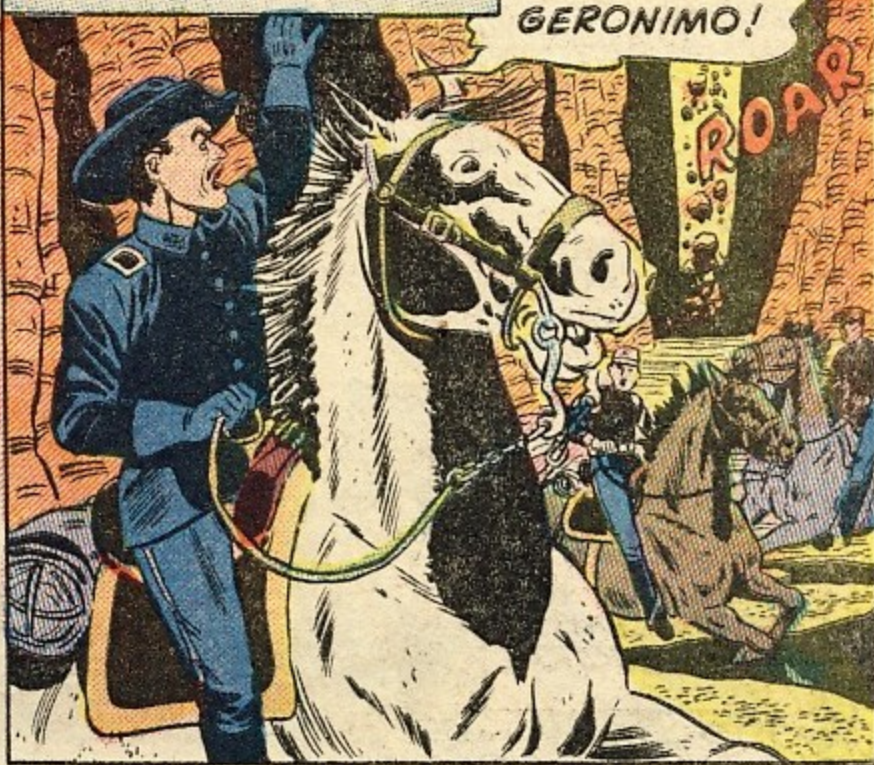
...GENERAL CROOKS WAS AN ABLE SOLDIER, HE HAD MORE THAN PROVED HIMSELF IN THE CIVIL WAR, BUT HE HAD NEVER MATCHED WITS WITH A WARRIOR LIKE GERONIMO... THIS WAS A NEW TYPE OF BATTLE TO THE GENERAL... ONE HE WAS LIKELY TO REMEMBER FOR SOME TIME!



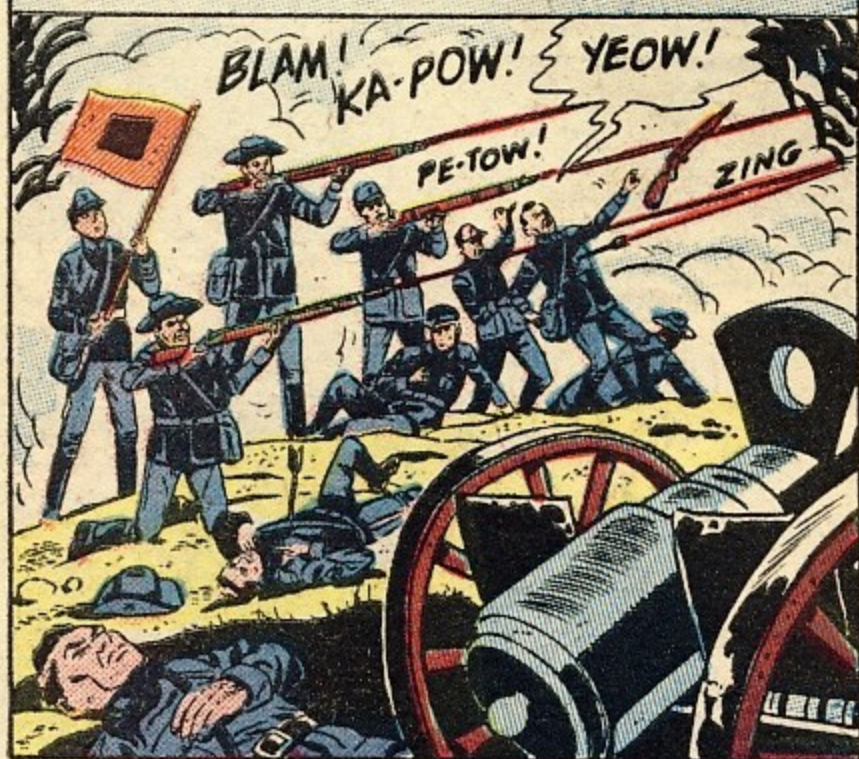
... SUDDENLY, LIKE LIGHTNING THE APACHES STRUCK!



AGAIN THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WAS COMPLETELY ON THE INDIAN'S SIDE... AND THE CAVALRY TROOPS REELED IN PANIC!



GERONIMO WAS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION, AND A DEADLY FIRE WAS SET UP WHICH RAKED THE TROOPERS!



IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE GENERAL CROOKS COULD RALLY HIS MEN, BUT WHEN HE DID THE BATTLE BECAME A STALEMATE. GERONIMO REALIZED THE SITUATION AND WAS QUICK TO REACT...

TO THE HORSES, MY BRAVES... TO LIVE TO STRIKE ANOTHER DAY!



AND GERONIMO AND HIS BRAVES DID LIVE TO STRIKE ANOTHER DAY... AND SPREAD A REIGN OF TERROR THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHWEST. HE SHOWED A BRAND OF HIT AND RUN TACTICS THAT WERE UNPARALLELED IN MILITARY HISTORY...



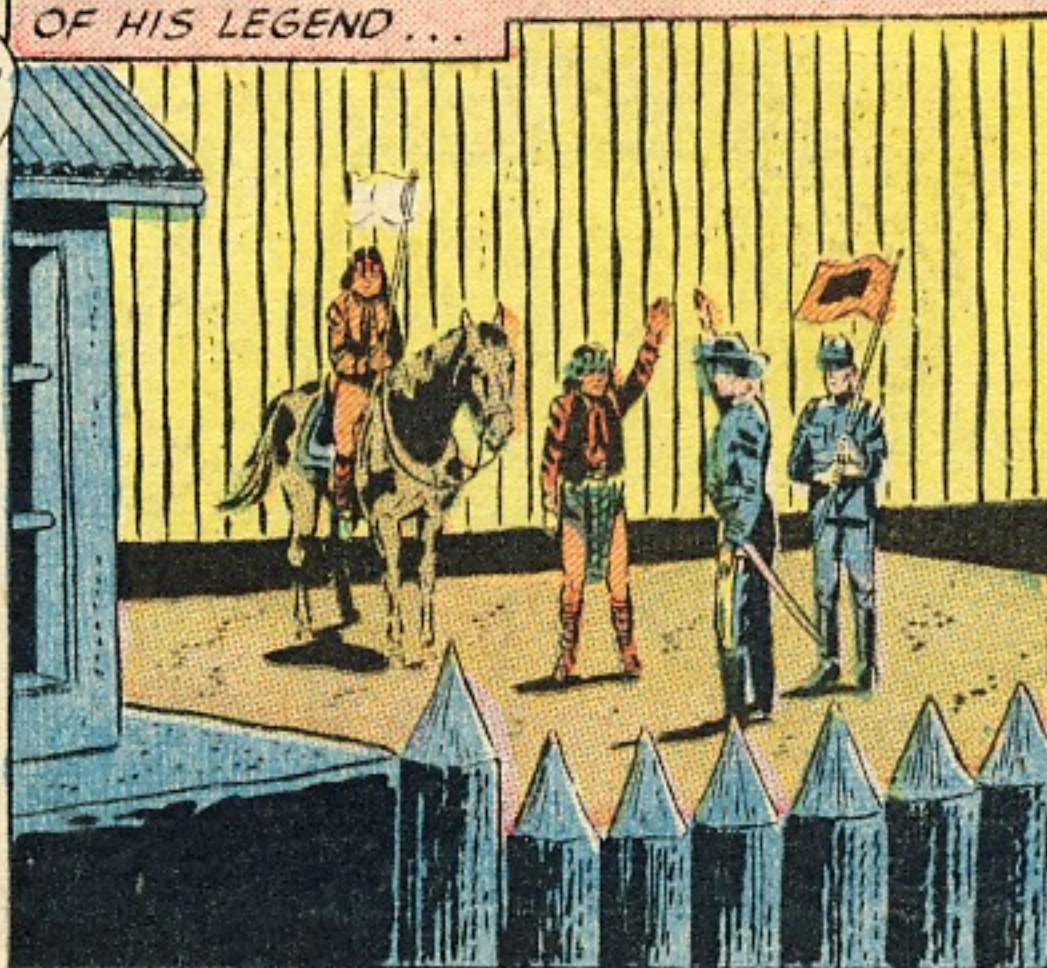
THE WAR RAGED FOR FOUR YEARS, AND THEN FINALLY A GROUP OF HIGH-RANKING AMERICAN OFFICERS HEADED BY GENERAL MILES MET FOR A CONFERENCE AT ONE OF THE BORDER FORTS...

IT'S NO USE, GENTLEMEN, WE'VE TRIED FOR FOUR YEARS TO BEAT GERONIMO, AND HE'S MATCHED WITS WITH US AT EVERY TURN! NEVER HAVE I RUN UP AGAINST AN OPPONENT *LIKE* GERONIMO! MY RECOMMENDATION TO THE BOARD IS THAT WE COME TO TERMS!

GRANTED! ANYTHING TO STOP THIS SHEDDING OF BLOOD... IT'S SO BAD THAT PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO SETTLE IN THE SOUTHWEST.



THE MEETING WAS ARRANGED AND AFTER SOME HAGGLING, BOTH SIDES AGREED TO THE TERMS... THIS WAS THE END OF GERONIMO'S STORY... BUT NOT THE END OF HIS LEGEND...



OUR PARATROOPERS ADOPTED THE BATTLE CRY IN NORTH AFRICA AND THE REST IS HISTORY!

A VERY IMPRESSIVE STORY, MEIN HERR — STRANGE WE HAD NEVER HEARD OF YOUR GERONIMO BEFORE.



PERHAPS -- BUT YOU WILL HEAR EVEN *MORE* OF HIM FROM NOW ON.



AND THEY DID! THE TERROR CRY WAS TO STRIKE PANIC INTO THE HEARTS OF EVERY ENEMY DIVISION IT CAME INTO CONTACT WITH... AND USING EVERY TACTIC THAT THE WILEY INDIAN HAD DEVISED OF HIT AND RUN, THEY BECAME KNOWN AS... *DEVILS IN BAGGY PANTS!*



The End



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"With God...

all things are possible!"

Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Are you Worried about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you Drinking too Much? Do you ever get Lonely — Unhappy — Discouraged? Would you like to have more Happiness, Success and "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS — NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY — we invite you to clip this Message now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 7607, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

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Grow grasses green
and flowers tall.

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

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HOUSE THAT JACK
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Hello! I'm SANDY!

I drink I wet I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

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